But tell me, where is Princely *Richmond* now?
Chri. At *Pembroke*, or at *Hereford*, west in *Wales*.
Dar. What men of name resort to him?
Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, sir *William Stanly*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembrooke*, sir *James Blunt*,
Rice ap *Thomas*, with a valiant crew,
With many more of noble fame and worth,
And towards *London* they doe bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Dar. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him
Tell him, the Queene hath heartily consented
He shall espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter,
These Letters will resolue him of my mind,
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me speake with him?
Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient,
Buc. Hastings, and *Edwards* children, *Riuers*, *Gray*
Holy King *Henry*, and thy faire sonne *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted foule iniustice,
If that your moody discontented soules,
Do through the clouds behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge mocke my destruction:
This is All soules day fellowes is it not?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Buc. Why then All-soules day, is my bodies Doomesday.
This is the day that in King *Edwards* time
I wisht might fall on me when I was found
False to his children, and his wiues allies:
This is the day wherein I wisht to fall,
Fy the false fayth of him I trusted most:
This is All-soules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determined, despite of my wrongs:
That high all-seer that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained prayer on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.
Thus doth he force the sword of wicked men

To turne their points on their mai
Now *Margrets* curse is fallen vpo
When he quoth she, shall split th
Remember *Margret* was a prophe
Come sirs, conuey me to the blo
Wrong hath but wrong, and blam

Enter Richmond with Drum

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of
Thus farre into the bowels of the
Haue we marcht on without impe
And heere receiue we from our F
Lines of faire comfort, and encou
The wretched, bloody, and vsu
That spoil'd your sommer-field, an
Swils your warme blood like wa
In your imboweld bosome, this so
Lies now euen in the center of thi
Neere to the Towne of *Leicester* a
From *Tamworth* thither, is but one
In Gods name cheare on, couragio
To reape the harueſt of perpetua
By this one bloody tryall of shar
1 *Lor.* Euery mans conscience i
To fight against that bloody hon
2 *Lor.* I doubt not but his frien
3 *Lor.* He hath no friends, but wh
Which in his greatest need will
Rich. All for our aduantage, the
True hope is swift, and flies with
Kings it makes Gods, and meane
Enter King Richard, Nor. Ratcl
King. Here pitch our tents, eue
Why how now *Catesby*, why loo
Cat. My heart is ten times light
King. Norfolke come hither:
Norfolke we must haue knockes,
Nor. We must both giue and ta
King. Vp with my tent, here w

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G